

NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
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10

OCTOBER
NO. 4

COMICS

10¢

Starring
UNCLE SAM
In a New Smash
Action Story
"TORPEDO
ISLANDS
OF DEATH"



MERLIN



SALLY
O'NEIL



WONDER BOY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING COMIC MAGAZINES

FEATURE COMICS

starring

The Doll Man Samar Big Top
Lala Palooza Rance Keane
Zero, Ghost Detective
Reynolds Of The Mounted

CRACK COMICS

starring

The Black Conder The Clock
Alias The Spider Jane Arden
The Space Legion Ned Brant
Molly The Model

SMASH COMICS

starring

Espionage The Ray
Bozo The Robot Wings Wendall
Invisible Justice Abdul The Arab
The Purple Trio

NATIONAL COMICS

starring

Uncle Sam Merlin The Magician
Wonder Boy The Kid Patrol
Kid Dixon Pen Miller
Sally O'Neil, Policewoman

HIT COMICS

starring

Hercules The Red Bee The Strange Twins
Bob and Swab X-5 Super Agent
Betty Bates Neon, The Unknown

**BUY FEATURE COMICS, SMASH COMICS, CRACK COMICS,
NATIONAL COMICS AND HIT COMICS EACH MONTH
FROM YOUR REGULAR NEWSDEALER**

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
"TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE -
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WISE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER -
A RIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON -
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT -
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
"MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE -
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSE -
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



Make sure your new bike
has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting,
more ball bear-
ings (32) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike - ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
MINNET AVIATION CORPORATION • Bush, New York

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UNCLE SAM

BY W.M. EISNER



A SMALL SAIL BOAT SLOWLY PLOYS ITS WAY THROUGH THE SEA, CARRYING TWO, WHO ARE RETURNING FROM AN ADVENTURE....



THERE'S NO BREEZE, UNCLE SAM.

WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT!



HE BEGINS TO BLOW...HARD...

GOSH! THIS AIN'T A BREEZE, IT'S A REG'LAR WIND!



LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE SKY BECOMES VERY HEAVILY OVERCAST...

"HIM, WE'RE IN THE TROPICS! WE'RE GON' TO BE STRUCK BY A TYPHOON!"

GOSH!

EVENING BRINGS THE FULL CLIMAX OF THE STORM.

"WHATEVER YOU DO, BUDDY, HOLD TIGHTLY TO ME!"



GEE THAT STORM LEFT FASTER'N IT CAME!

YEP THEY DON'T LAST LONG BUT SURE DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE WHEN THEY'RE AROUND!



LOOK! A GROUP OF ISLANDS! WE'LL SLEEP ON LAND TONIGHT, BUDDY!

WE SURE ARE LUCKY!



I THINK THEY'RE UN-INHABITED!

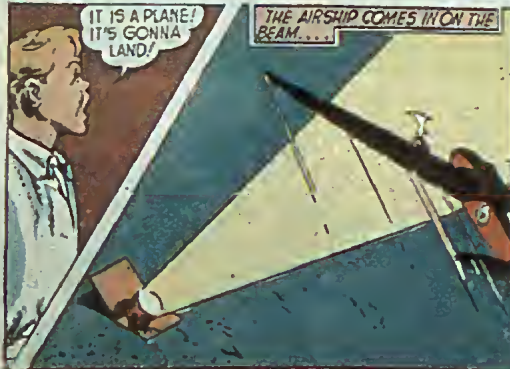
LATE THAT NIGHT, UNCLE SAM IS WAKENED BY BUDDY.

UNCLE SAM! THIS ISLAND IS MOVING! COME, NOW, BUDDY, YOU MUST'VE HAD A BAD DREAM... SAY, DO YOU HEAR A PLANE?



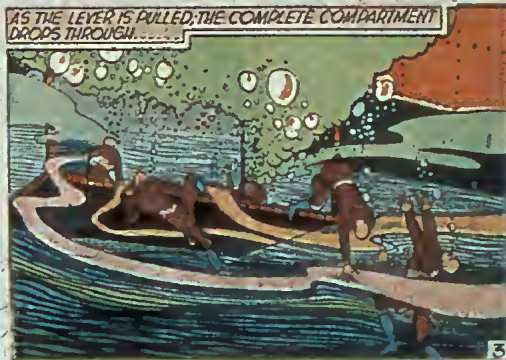
IT IS A PLANE! IT'S GONNA LAND!

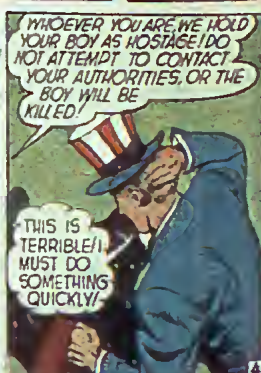
THE AIRSHIP COMES IN ON THE BEAM....



BUDDY, YOU STAY HERE! I'M GOIN' TO FOLLOW THOSE PILOTS! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY HERE!



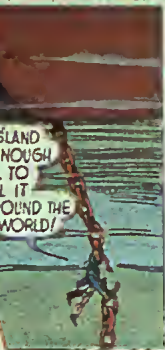




LEAVING THE SECOND ISLAND, UNCLE SAM RETURNS TO THE FIRST...



THIS ISLAND HAS ENOUGH FUEL TO SAIL IT AROUND THE WORLD!



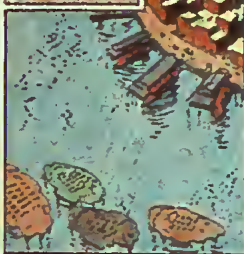
IT WILL SAIL SOUTHWARD UNTIL IT HITS OUR NAVY!



GOSH! THERE SURE IS MORE'N ONE WAY TO SKIN A SKUNK!



DAYS LATER, THE SUBMARINE ISLANDS ARE COMFORTABLY ANCHORED BEYOND STRIKING RANGE OF THE UNITED STATES WEST COAST...



MEANWHILE, WITH ITS COMMANDERS UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DANGER, OUR FLEET LIES AT ANCHOR IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC...



ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP...

SHAY, PETE! D'JA EVER SHEE A ISLAND FLOAT?



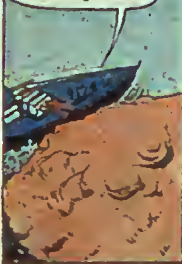
G'WAN! YOU'RE BIZZIER'N I THOUGHT YA WUZ!

IT'S GONNA BUMP US!



THE CREW COMES ON DECK...

EXPLORE IT QUICKLY! BUT BE CAREFUL!



WHADAYA KNOW? PETE FAINTED (HIC) THE SOFTHEAD!



LATER...

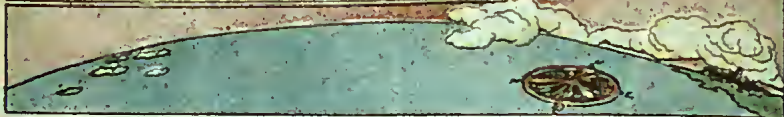
REPORTING ON THE INVESTIGATION, SIR: THE ISLAND IS A COMBINATION TROOP BASE AND AIRPLANE TRANS-PORT CENTER...



IT CAME FROM THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF OUR MAINLAND, WHICH MAY AT THIS MOMENT BE IN DEADLY PERIL! WE WILL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY FOR THE WESTERN COAST!!



AT THE ISLANDS, EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS FOR ATTACK....



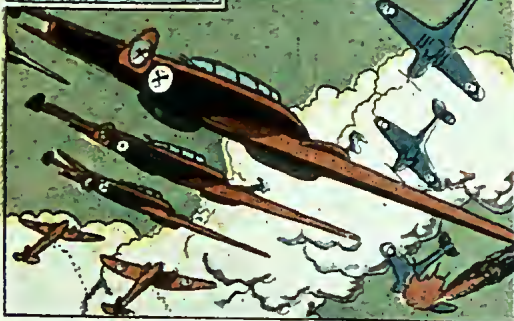
THE HOUR HAS COME! THE ENTIRE AIRFORCE WILL LEAVE! OBJECTIVE: ALL LARGE CITIES AND MILITARY CENTERS OF THE WEST COAST!



DOORS OPEN FROM HILLSIDES, RELEASING SQUADRONS OF BOMBERS.



SHORTLY THE PANIC-STRIKEN WEST COAST IS UNDER HEAVY BOMBARDMENT....



THEY'LL DESTROY US COMPLETELY! THEIR BASE IS BEYOND REACH OF OUR COASTAL DEFENSES!

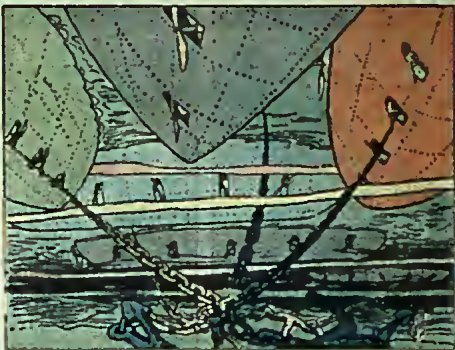


THEY'LL WRECK THE WHOLE COAST BEFORE WE CAN EVEN BRING ONE THIRD OF THEM DOWN!



ALTHOUGH THE GROUND BATTERIES DO THEIR BIT, THE CITIES AND HARBORS ARE FAST BECOMING SHAMBLES....





UNCLE SAM TOWS THE GROUP OF FLOATING ISLANDS LIKE A BUNCH OF TOY BALLOONS...



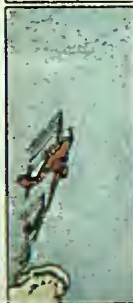
AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE HIGH COMMAND ON THE MAIN ISLAND, THE CHIEF OFFICER HAS ALREADY BEEN INFORMED OF LATEST DEVELOPMENTS...



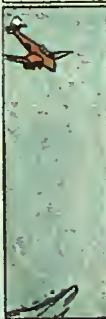
SEND OUT DIVE BOMBERS IMMEDIATELY AND DESTROY HM!



IMMEDIATELY POWERFUL DIVE BOMBERS ZOOM.



DIRECTLY OVER UNCLE SAM...



SWIFTLY THEY UNLOAD THEIR DEADLY CHARGES...



CONSNARN THOSE PIGEONS! THEY DENTED MY HAT! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



HE SWINGS THE ANCHOR IN A WIDE CIRCLE....

THIS WILL GET ONE, AND FRIGHTEN THE OTHERS OFF!



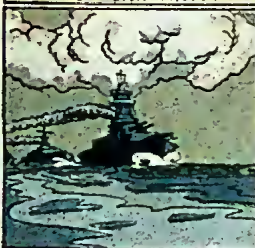
HURLING THE ANCHOR INTO THE SKY, UNCLE SAM SMASHES IT AGAINST A PLANE....



FINE! NOW WE'RE NEAR THE MAINLAND!



OVER THE HORIZON STEAMS THE UNITED STATES NAVY, SANDWICHING THE FLOATING ISLANDS BETWEEN THE GUNS ON THE MAINLAND AND ITS OWN POWERFUL HOWITZERS....



THE FLEET WILL FINISH THEM NOW! BUT BUDDY IS IN DANGER! I MUST SAVE HIM!



AT THE ISLAND OF THE HIGH COMMAND....

WE'RE TRAPPED! MAN ALL GUNS AND PREPARE FOR ACTION! THE OPEN SEA IS OUR ONLY CHANCE! WE'LL HAVE TO RISK A RUN FOR IT... SAY!... WHA-? WHO?

YOU'RE STAYING HERE!



ACTION PROVES THAT UNCLE SAM MEANS BUSINESS....



WHERE IS THE BOY? COME ON! HURRY UP! WHERE'S BUDDY?

DON'T STRIKE! I'LL TELL!



LATER....

WAIT FOR ME HERE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THIS PLACE IN A HURRY!



UNCLE SAM QUICKLY RETURNS..

THIS LITTLE SPEED BOAT WILL SOON TAKE US OUT OF GUNFIRE RANGE. HURRY BUDDY, MY BOY!

BUT UNCLE SAM, THAT'S A TORPEDO!



EVEN A TORPEDO IS HARMLESS WITHOUT MAN'S EVIL INTENTIONS!



NEARING SHORE, UNCLE SAM EASILY STOPS THE SPEEDING MESSENGER OF DEATH...

AND NOW, WE'LL TURN IT RIGHT BACK AT THE MEN WHO BUILT IT!



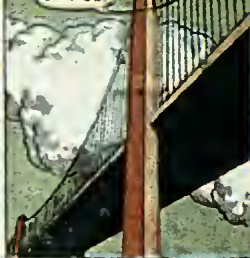
AFTER ALL IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT THEY SHOULD TASTE THEIR OWN MEDICINE, THEY EXPECTED OTHERS TO TAKE IT!



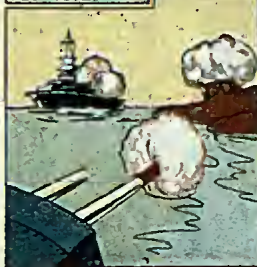
THE VIEW OF THE BATTLE ISN'T SO GOOD FROM HERE! LET'S FIND A BETTER SPOT... THE BRIDGE!



HOLD TIGHTLY BUDDY! IT IS QUITE A DROP FROM THE TOP OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE!



FACING FULL FIRE FROM COASTAL ARTILLERY AND ESCAPE TO THE SEA CUT OFF BY THE FLEET, THE INVADER IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED....



GOSH, UNCLE, THEY MADE FAST WORK OF THOSE FOREIGNERS!

YOU SAID IT, MY BOY!



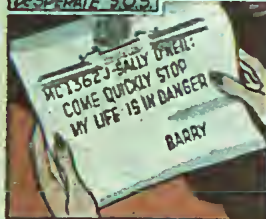
AND THE SAME GOES FOR ANYONE WHO TRIES TO COME HERE TO DISTURB OUR PEACEFUL DEMOCRACY!



UNCLE SAM WILL AGAIN SERVE HIS COUNTRY IN THE NEXT ISSUE....



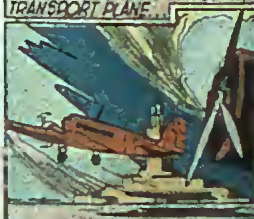
FROM HOLLYWOOD'S HANDSOME STAR BARRY GILMORE, COMES A DESPERATE S.O.S.



FRANTICALLY SALLY ORDERS A CAB AND SPEEDS TO THE RESCUE...



IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES SHE IS WINING WESTWARD IN A SUPER TRANSPORT PLANE.



A JOYOUS AND EXCITED BARRY SPEEDS SALLY IN LOS ANGELES SIXTEEN HOURS LATER...



NOTHING IN HIS MANNER SEEMS TO INDICATE IMPENDING DOOM.





YOU'RE THE
THREAT/IF YOU
DON'T MARRY
ME, I'LL
DIE!



LISTEN, APOLLO/ I'M NOT A
MOVIE STAR FOR YOU TO
ACT OUT A LOVE STORY
WITH/ I'M A
VERY BUSY
POLICE-
WOMAN!



THAT EVENING... THE ONLY
MOVIE I'LL BE
IN IS THE
NEWSREEL...
I COULD MAKE
YOU A STAR/ WE'D
BE IN THE MOVIES
TOGETHER! SALLY O'NEIL
BAGS WORLD'S
BIGGEST FREAK
YOU!



AW, PLEASE,
DARLING/ STAY
AWHILE AND
LET ME
EXPLAIN!

NO, SIR/ I'M
TAKING THE FIRST
PLANE IN THE
MORNING!



THE NEXT DAY SALLY BOARDS THE
NEW YORK PLANE...

SALLY!



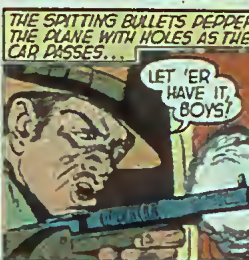
JUST AS THE SHIP TAKES TO A
TAKE OFF, BARRY ARRIVES!

POOR
BARRY!
BUT I
HONESTLY
COULDN'T!



SUDDENLY A CAR DRIVES DOWN
THE FIELD AFTER THE DEPART-
ING PLANE...

THEY'VE GOT
MACHINE
GUNS!



THE SPITTING BULLETS PEPPER
THE PLANE WITH HOLES AS THE
CAR PASSES...

LET 'ER
HAVE IT,
BOYS!



THE PLANE FALTERS TO A HALT
PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE
LEAVE THE
PLANE!



THIS MUST BE ANOTHER ONE
OF BARRY'S STUNTS/ HE'S
JUST HOPPED ON THAT CAR!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO CATCH
HIM!



SUDDENLY... THOSE MURDER-
ING CROOKS!
THEY KNEW
I WAS ON THAT
PLANE!

WHAT?



YES, I MUST GET TO CALIFORNIA
BY 2:00 P.M. TO CLOSE A
DEAL... THEY'VE TRIED
EVERYTHING TO STOP
ME!

OH!



SUDDENLY THE CABBIE
WHIRLS ABOUT...

YOU AIN'T WALKIN' IN
THERE,
MR. TAYLOR!



BARRY IS TOO QUICK
FOR THE CABBIE...
QUICKLY HE LANDS A
SMASHING BLOW ON
THE CABBIE...



FROM ALL SIDES MORE THUGS RUN
OUT AND GANG UP ON THE THREE
IN THE CAB...



SALLY AND BARRY DO THEIR BEST FIGHTING TO HOLD THE FORT BUT...



KEEP IT
UP SALLY!

WHAT A
DAME!

THEY ARE OUT NUMBERED TWO
TO ONE...



TIE 'EM UP AND
HOLD 'EM TILL JASON
SIGNS THE CONTRACT

THE THREE ARE WHIRLED INTO A
FREIGHT ELEVATOR AND THROWN
INTO A DARK STORE ROOM...



AS DOZENS OF MINUTES PAST BY,
THEY STAY HELPLESS IN THE LOFT...



SALLY CAN
YOU REACH
YOUR PURSE
MIRROR?

I THINK
SO...
WAIT...

EDGING OVER TO HER PURSE SHE
MANAGES TO DROP THE CONTENTS
AND BREAK THE MIRROR...



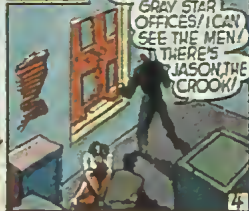
SHE PICKS UP A PIECE OF JAGGED
GLASS AND STARTS TO WORK ON
HER BONDS...



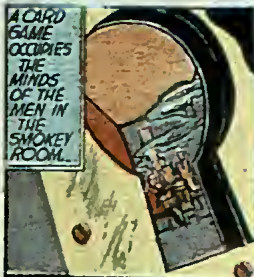
IT'S ALMOST DONE... YEAH! IT
BARRY THAT WAS A ALWAYS
SWELL IDEA! WORKS IN
THE MOVIES



SHE QUICKLY
FREES THE
OTHERS...



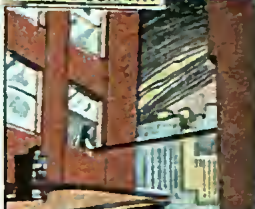
GREAT SCOTT!
WE'RE DIRECTLY
OPPOSITE THE
GRAY STAR
OFFICES! I CAN
SEE THE MEN!
THERE'S
JASON THE
CROOK!



BARRY PLOWS THROUGH THE SURPRISED MEN WITH FLAYING BLOWS...



SALLY AND TAYLOR SPAN THE GAD BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS WITH THE BOARD...



FINDING THE WINDOW LOCKED! SALLY CRASHES THROUGH WITH- OUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION...



JASON'S PEN IS POISED ABOVE THE CONTRACT AS SALLY LEADS.



IT WON'T BE TWO O'CLOCK FOR FIVE MORE SECONDS!!



AND HERE'S MR. TAYLOR ON THE DOT!



I THINK YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE A.B.K. SERVE YOU RATHER THAN A CORPORATION OF CROOKS!



I HAD NO IDEA, MR. TAYLOR, WHAT WAS GOING ON!



HOW COULD YOU?

MEANWHILE, SALLY PAUSES TO PRIMER WHEN...



SHE HURLS HER COMPACT AT THE GUNMAN'S FACE! A GUST OF PERFUMED POWDER CHOKES AND BLINDS HIM...

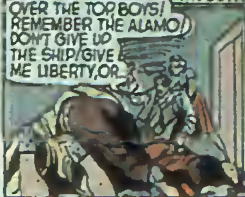


WELL, JASON, NOW YOU CAN SIGN YOUR NAME TO THE END OF A NICE LONG SENTENCE!



GOOD HEAVENS! BARRY! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

THE LOST BARRY REARS HIS NOISY OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS THUGS...



OH, BARRY, YOU WERE SO BRAVE AND WONDERFUL... I TAKE BACK ALL THE THINGS I SAID ABOUT YOU!



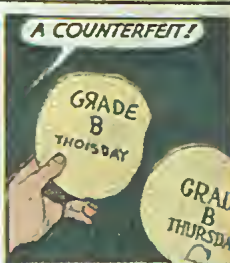
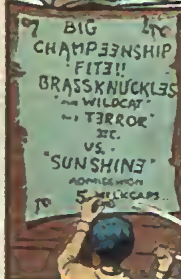
WELL, THEN YOU'LL JUST HOW ABOUT NEVER MARRYING? I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN O'NEIL ON THE POLICE FORCE!



AH ALWAYS SAID BOSS WOMEN AM DE MOS' STUBBORNES' ANIMALS AH KNOWS OF!



SALLY AND BARRY MEET AGAIN NEXT MONTH... 16



"BRASS KNUCKLES" THE TERROR IS GETTING READY TOO WITH HIM ARE HIS TWO CANTY MANAGERS, NIP AND TUCK.



AND JUST TO MAKE SURE! HA HA!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.

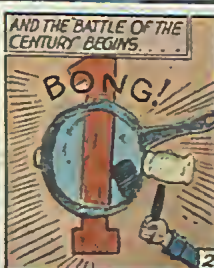
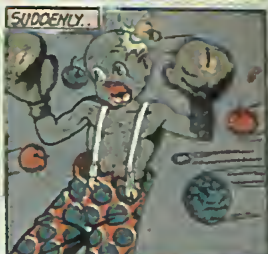
HA HA! EVERYTHING IS JUST DUCKY, EH TUCKY? HA HA!

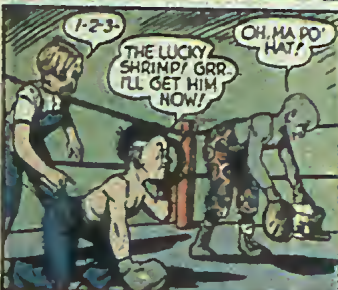
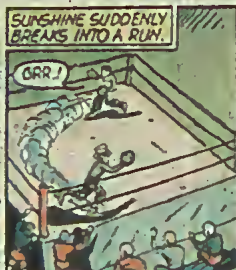


IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 77½ POUNDS, WE HAVE "BRASS KNUCKLES"!



ATTA BOY! BRASS KNUCKLES!





SUDDENLY, THE BEE
OUR HERO IS SAVED



BOY! HE'S SHO
GOT POWERFUL
LEFTS
AND
RIGHTS!

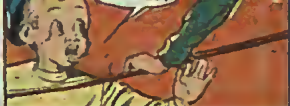


DON'T BE
AFRAID,
SUNSHINE.
HE HASN'T
THE
MEASLES!



SPUNKY INTERRUPTS

TEDDY, I JUST
HEARD NIP AND
TUCK SAY THAT BRASS
KNUCKLES HAS
HORSESHOES
IN HIS
GLOVES!



SUZY, YOU AND SPUNKY STAY HERE!
C'MON, PORKY, YOU'RE
COMIN' WITH
ME!



OH
BOY!

THERE'S THE
ELECTRIC
PLANT!



WHAT
NOW?

SEE THAT WATCHMAN?
WELL, HERE'S MY
PLAN....



YEH

HELP!
WHY?
THY?



WHY, IT'S
A KID!



HEY,
YOU
BRAT!



I GOT HIM,
TEDDY!

SWELL!

HEY!
LET ME
OUT!



BAM
BAM!

HELP ME
CARRY ONE
OF THOSE!

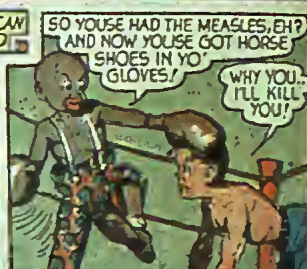


THE TWO YOUNGSTERS RUSH THROUGH
THE STREETS WITH THEIR HEAVY BURDEN...



HURRY,
PORKY!

(PUFF)(PUFF) I
DON'T R-R-RUN
SO FAST!



PROP POWERS

By Lynn Byrd

PROP POWERS RECEIVES AN URGENT AND UNEXPLAINED MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF HIS TRANSPORT COMPANY.

SWIFTLY PROP MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

I WONDER WHAT THE CHIEF WANTS NOW?



PROP, THE AJAX COMPANY IS TESTING OUR NEW TRANSPORT. I WANT YOU AND JUNE TO BE THERE.

YES, SIR.



THAT AFTERNOON AT THE TESTING GROUND.

THE SHIP IS ALL WARMED UP AND READY TO GO. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!



AS JUNE SPEAKS THE PILOT OPENS THE THROTTLE AND THE PLANE MOVES.



CLIMBING STEEPLY, IT RUSHES UPWARD.



THEN AT TWENTY THOUSAND FEET, LEVELS OFF AND PREPARES TO DIVE.



HE'LL GO INTO THE DIVE ANY SEC... THERE HE GOES!



AT SIX HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR THE PLANE HURTTLES EARTHWARD.



ALL SEEMS TO GO WELL UNTIL THE WINGS RIP OFF AND THE SHIP BURSTS INTO FLAMES.



THE TERRIFIC IMPACT LEAVES THE PLANE WITH ITS NOSE BURIED IN THE FIELD.



WITH PROP ON THE RUNNING BOARD, AN AMBULANCE SPEEDS TO THE WRECK.



EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE, PROP IS DISSATISFIED.



THE PRESIDENT OF A RIVAL AIR FIRM APPROACHES PROP.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER PROP IS AGAIN IN THE OFFICE.



PROP I'VE GOT ANOTHER PLANE READY. WILL YOU TEST IT?

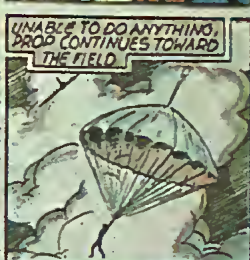


HEADING FOR THE NEW SHIP'S HANGAR, PROP SEES A MAN SNEAK THROUGH A SIDE DOOR.



SUDDENLY THE MAN LUNGES AT PROP.





LEAVING INSTRUCTIONS FOR JUNE TO WAIT HIS CALL FROM A TWO-WAY RADIO, PROP TAKES OFF.



JUNE IS DISAPPOINTED.

GEE WHIZ! HE HAS ALL THE FUN! "GO SIT BY THE RADIO, JUNE, I MAY NEED YOUR HELP!"

HELL WIPE OUT THAT MOB AND BE BACK BEFORE I MOVE FROM THIS RADIO!



PROP MEANWHILE IS CIRCLING OVER A THICK CLUMP OF TREES.



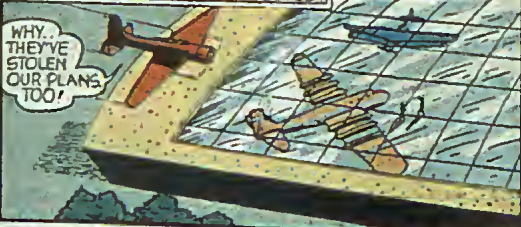
AH! THERE HE GOES!



HE'S HEADING FOR OUR RIVAL'S AIR PLANT!



SWOOPING LOW OVER THE HANGAR'S, PROP SEES A DUPLICATE OF THE PLANE HE TESTED.



WHY... THEY'VE STOLEN OUR PLANS TOO!

QUICKLY THE THIEVES UNLIMBER AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



BLAST HIM OUTTA THE SKY! HURRY!

A SHOT DISABLES PROP'S PLANE.



LOSING CONTROL OF THE SHIP, PROP CRASHES INTO A WALL.



UNHURT, PROP LEAPS OUT OF THE PLANE.

I'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE PLANE THEY COPIED FROM US!



THE CROOKS CLOSE IN ON HIM.



PROP MEETS THE FIRST WITH A POWERFUL LEFT.



AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS FISTS FIND THEIR TARGET.



SUDDENLY PROP IS TACKLED FROM BEHIND.



A VICIOUS BLOW STUNS HIM.



QUICKLY THE CROOKS BIND HIM IN THE PLANE AND SET IT AFIRE.



COMING TO, PROP REACHES FOR THE RADIO.

POWERS CALLING WALLACE AIRPORT. AM TRAPPED IN BURNING PLANE! COME QUICKLY!



AT WALLACE FIELD, JUNE RECEIVES THE CALL FOR HELP.



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE CROOKS' AIRPORT BECOMES A MASS OF STRUGGLING FIGURES, AS PROP'S FRIENDS ARRIVE.



RELEASED FROM HIS BONDS, PROP HEADS FOR THE FIGHT.



SUDDENLY THE LEADER OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS FIRM MAKES A GETAWAY.



I'LL GET HIM, FELLOWS! YOU TAKE CARE OF THESE!



PROP IMMEDIATELY SETS OUT AFTER HIM.



OVERTAKING THE OTHER 541P, PROP OPENS FIRE.



A VICIOUS DOG FIGHT BEGINS.



DESPERATELY, THE EVIL LEADER ATTEMPTS TO EVADE PROP.



BUT A WELL-AIMED BULLET PERCEES THE TANK.



AND THE VILLAIN'S PLANE, IN FLAMES, HURTTLES TO THE EARTH.



MEANWHILE THE POLICE SUMMONED BY JUNE, ARRIVE.



THE FIGHT IS SOON ENDED AND THE CRIMINALS ARE PILED INTO A PATROL WAGON.



STEP LIVELY THERE MUGGS!

PROP COMES INTO A LANDING.



PROP! PROP! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

LATER.

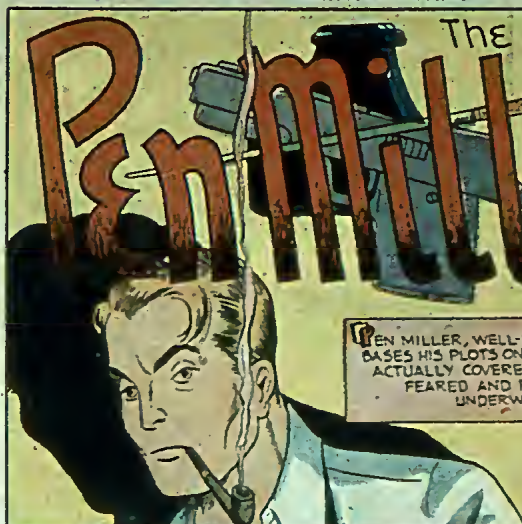


FOR YOUR EXCELLENT WORK, YOU MAY BOTH START ON A TWO WEEK VACATION AT OUR EXPENSE.

DON'T MISS PROP POWERS' NEW ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

Pen Miller

The Cartoonist Detective



PEN MILLER, WELL-KNOWN COMIC BOOK ARTIST, BASES HIS PLOTS ON CRIMINAL CASES HE HAS ACTUALLY COVERED AS A FAMOUS DETECTIVE, FEARED AND RESPECTED BY THE UNDERWORLD

By Klaus

IN THE CITY
FLOURISHES
A LUCRATIVE
"RACKET":

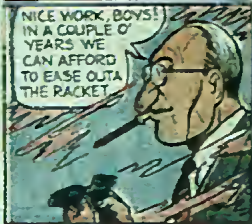
...HERE'S OUR HOSPITALIZATION PLAN... YOU
PAY US \$30 A YEAR FOR EACH PERSON IN
YOUR FAMILY, FOR WHICH YOU GET FREE
HOSPITAL SPACE, DOCTOR'S CARE ETC., IN
CASE OF SICKNESS...

SOUNDS GOOD...



THE AGENTS REPORT TO THEIR
BOSS, JOE STECKAR...

NICE WORK, BOYS!
IN A COUPLE O'
YEARS WE
CAN AFFORD
TO EASE OUTA
THE RACKET.



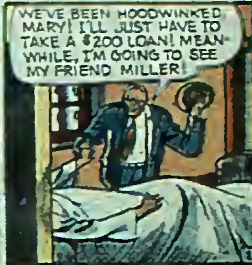
STECKAR GETS AN
URGENT CALL!

..MY WIFE NEEDS AN OPERATION
IMMEDIATELY, BUT NO HOSPITAL
WILL ADMIT US ON
YOUR PLAN....

WHY
BELLYACHE
TO ME ABOUT
IT, DOPE?... FIND
A HOSPITAL....
THAT'S YOUR
BUSINESS!



WE'VE BEEN HOOEWINKED
MARY! I'LL JUST HAVE TO
TAKE A \$200 LOAN! MEAN-
WHILE, I'M GOING TO SEE
MY FRIEND MILLER!



I'LL EXPOSE THAT RACKET, JOHN...
AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT MARY.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT...



NOT LONG AFTER, A POPULAR COMIC
MONTHLY SPREADS ACROSS THE LAND...



HULLY
GEE!
HEY,
BOSS!



SO...PEN MILLER'S TRYIN' TO
CRAMP OUR STYLE, IS HE?
WELL, THAT LEAVES US WITH
ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE!



WHAT'S
THAT?

GET
MILLER!



PEN WORKS FEVERISHLY ON THE SECOND
INSTALLMENT OF THE EXPOSE...

MIST MILLER, HONORABLE
PUBLISHER CALL AGAIN...
SAY HULLY UP!



WELL...ALL DONE, EXCEPT FOR THE
HEADS! YOU CAN GO TO BED,
NIKI... I'M GOING OUT FOR A
LITTLE WALK...

DEADLINE IS
TOMORROW MORNING
...WHY YOU LEAVE
HEADS BLANK?



PLAYING A HUNCH, NIKI!
I'M LEAVING ALL THE
RACKET EVIDENCE, THESE
NOTES AND SKETCHES,
ON THIS TABLE!



ALL THIS
WHILE A
SILENT
FIGURE
OUTSIDE
THE WINDOW
HAS BEEN
TAKING IT
ALL IN!



PEN
STRIDES
OUT
INTO
THE
BRACING
NIGHT
AIR...



WHEN HE IS SET UPON
WITHOUT WARNING!





A SLEEK CAR BEARS AWAY THE CAPTURED DETECTIVE



A FORM ENTERS...AND THE RACKET EVIDENCE IS SCOOPED UP!



PEN IS CONFRONTED BY HIS ABDUCTORS, THE RACKETEERS THEMSELVES!



SO YOU SEE, MILLER, NOW YOU CAN'T PIN A THING ON US!



I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!... I'LL DROP THE WHOLE THING... FOR A CONSIDERATION OF \$200!



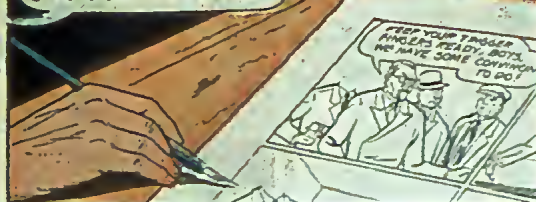
THUS IN THE SMALL HOURS OF DAWN



WELL, I'D BETTER KNUCKLE DOWN AND FINISH OFF THESE COMIC PAGES...



NOW I CAN FILL IN THE HEADS! I KNEW THAT LAST INSTALLMENT OF THIS EXPOSE WOULD BRING THOSE CROOKS OUT INTO THE OPEN..



DON'T LOOK FOR THOSE SLIPS OF EVIDENCE, NIKI... THEY'VE BEEN STOLEN!



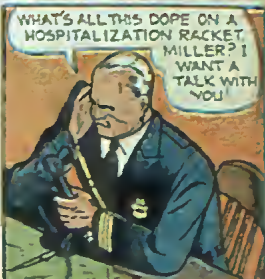
BUT I HAVE PHOTO-STATIC COPIES OF THEM IN THE SAFE!



THERE.. FINISHED JUST ON TIME! I'LL HAVE TO RUSH OVER TO THE PUBLISHER WITH THE PAGES!



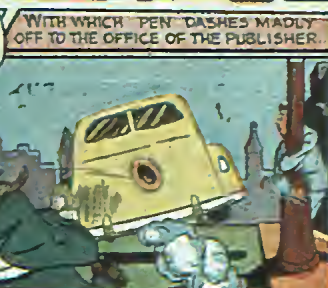
WHAT'S ALL THIS DOPE ON A HOSPITALIZATION RACKET, MILLER? I WANT A TALK WITH YOU!



SORRY, CHIEF.. I HAVE TO MEET A DEADLINE! THE NEXT ISSUE WILL HAVE ALL THE DETAILS.. I'LL GET YOU A COPY BEFORE IT REACHES THE STANDS! SO LONG!



WITH WHICH PEN DASHES MADLY OFF TO THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.



... WHO IMPATIENTLY COUNTS THE MINUTES!



AH, HERE YOU ARE! YOU HAD ME WORRIED!



WHAT THE HECK ARE THESE? ART STUDIES!??



MIST MILLER, YOU WLP UP WLONG DRAWINGS IN HULLY! I FOLLOW LICKY-SPLIT!



WITH THE PUBLICATION OF THE MAGAZINE, PEN SENDS A COPY TO THE POLICE

WHY, FOR PETE'S SAKE... IT'S JOE STECKAR!

AND LOUIE THE LOU... AND...



NIKI, WE'D BETTER STICK AROUND THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT TONIGHT... I HAVE A HUNCH THE MOS MIGHT CHECK UP ON THIS ISSUE!



THE WATCHMAN'S BEEN SLUGGED! THEY'RE HERE!



YOU SAID IT! SO YA DOUBLE-CROSSED US, YA @%& STOO! THAT BOOK AIN'T GOIN' OUT... 'CAUSE WE'RE SETTIN' FIRE TO THIS DUMP!!



DO YOU MIND?



HEY! GIMME MY GLASSES!

I CAN'T SEE GOOD!



YA RAT!!

HEY, JOE! MILLER'S BEHIND YA!!



OH, THERE YA ARE



NO! NO! JOE!! STOP!!!



YOU'RE A GOOD SHOT, JOE... EVEN IF YA CAN'T CHOOSE YOUR TARGET!



PEN ESCORTS HIS CAPTIVE TO THE STATION-HOUSE

HERE ARE YOUR GLASSES, PAL! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HELLO, JOE... WELCOME HOME!



HO HUM... ME VELLY SLEEPY! HOPE STORY IN NEXT ISSUE NOT SO MUCH TROUBLE TO GET! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH GOOBYE!

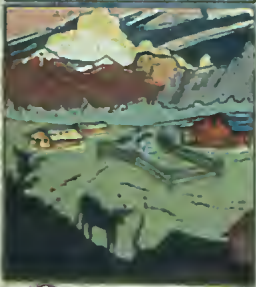


WONDER BOY

By Jerry Maxwell



THE BAR O RANCH IN THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE TOWERING ROCKIES WONDER BOY ENJOYS HIS FIRST TASTE OF WESTERN LIFE.



AMONG EXCITED SPECTATORS AT A RODEO, HE WATCHES WITH INTENT INTEREST A CON PUNCHER TRYING TO TAME A STEER.



FLYIN' TADPOLES! HE'S GETTIN' THROWN!

WHEN! DID YA SEE 'IM LAND?

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE CROWD JUMPS WONDER BOY TOWARDS THE BUCKING ANIMAL.



HE LANDS FULL ATOP THE WILD STEER: FURIOUSLY THE BEAST TRIES TO THROW HIM.



BUT WONDER BOY WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, FORCES THE ANIMAL TO SUBMISSION.



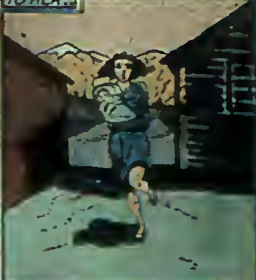
THE AMAZED COW PUNKERS
TAKE THE REMARKABLE YOUNG
STER TO THEIR HEARTS AND
THEIR TABLE. IF I EAT ANOTH-
ER BITE, I'LL BUST!



IN THE MIST OF THE FUN, A
TERRIFIC BELLOWING IS HEARD
AND THE EARTH SEEMS TO
TREMBLE.



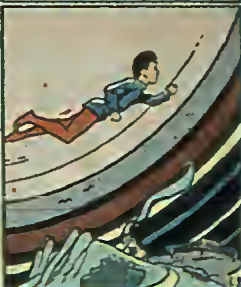
A WOMAN, PETRIFIED WITH FEAR,
RUSHES TOWARD THEM AS SHE
CLUTCHES HER INFANT CLOSE
TO HER.



HELP! P-PLEASE HELP
ME! MY HOUSE IS
BEING WRECKED BY
A MONSTER!



IN RESPONSE TO HER PITIFUL
PLEAS, WONDER BOY HURLS
HIMSELF OVER THE HILL.



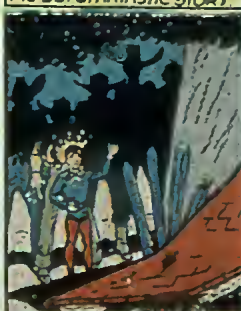
AND GAPS IN ASTONISHMENT
AT THE SCENE BELOW HIM...



IT IS A HIDEOUS PREHISTORIC
MONSTER LEAVING THE SCENE
OF ITS DESTRUCTION.



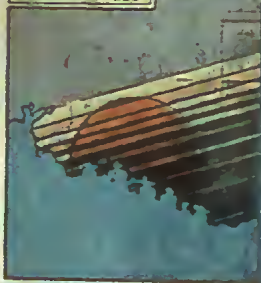
ARRIVING ON THE SCENE, THE
WESTERNERS HARDLY BELIEVE
THE BOY'S FANTASTIC STORY.



MONSTERS! HARRUMPH!
THEY AIN'T NONE SECH
CRITTERS, LAD! WAIT
TILL MORNING... WE'LL
SEE THEN.



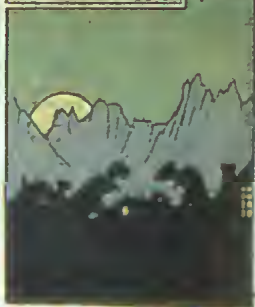
THE MEN LEAVE FOR THEIR BUNK HOUSES AS THE HOT SUN SETS BEHIND THE WESTERN HILLS.



SUDDENLY AT MIDNIGHT, THE CLANG OF THE TOWN FIRE BELL SHOCKS THE VILLAGERS FROM THEIR SLUMBER.



THE MOON REVEALS STRANGE OMINOUS SHADOWS MOVING ABOUT THE STREETS.



EVER ALERT IN A CRISIS, WONDER BOY PREPARES TO ACT.



AS A HUGE MONSTER IS ABOUT TO DEVOUR ONE OF HIS BUNK-MATES.



HE STRIKES A HARD BLOW TO THE UGLY BEAST'S SNOUT.



CARRYING A LASSO, WONDER BOY LEAPS AT THE CREATURE.



AND RIDES FORWARD LASSO IN HAND.



I'LL ROPE THE OTHERS AND GET THEM OUT TO THE PRAIRIE!



THROUGH THE HAVOC-RIDDEN
STREETS, WONDER BOY RIDES
HIS STRANGE MOUNT.



DEFTLY SWINGING THE LARIAT,
HE ROPES TWO OTHER
DINOSAURS.



HEY!
DIDNA
SEE
THAT?!

THUMPIN' THUNDER!
IT'S A MIRACLE!
WHY HE'S ONLY
A BOY!!



LEAPING FROM ONE TO ANOTHER,
WONDER BOY LEADS THEM TO
THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN.



SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW
IF I CAN ONLY GET THEM
WHERE I WANT THEM!



IF THEY WERENT SO
DANGEROUS THEY'D
MAKE NICE PETS!



AS HE GUIDES THE DESTRUCTIVE
BEASTS THROUGH THE VILLAGE,
PEOPLE STARE IN AWE AT THE
COURAGEOUS WONDER BOY.



NEARING THE PRAIRIE, HE IS
SUDDENLY MET BY ANOTHER
HERD OF THE DANGEROUS
CREATURES.



WONDER BOY LEAPS TO THE GROUND.



WITH AMAZING POWER, HE SWINGS THE BEAST BY ITS TAIL.



AND HURLS IT INTO THE MIDST OF THE APPROACHING HERD, THUS BREAKING THEIR ADVANCE.



I'LL BRIDGE THE CANYON WITH THIS ONE!



JUST AS WONDER BOY EXPECTED, THEY STOP.



THEN STUPIDLY THEY RUSH TO CROSS THE DINOSAUR SPAN.



GOOD! MY BRIDGE FELL IN AND THEY WENT WITH IT! NOW I'LL FINISH THE JOB!



NOW TO PREVENT MORE TROUBLE BY BLOCKING THEIR CAVE!



WITH THE STRENGTH OF TEN MEN, WONDER BOY LIFTS A HUGE BOULDER AND SETS ABOUT HIS TASK.



WELL, THAT'S THAT! I WONDER IF THESE EGGS LL HATCH.



COME ON, FOLKS! GENUINE DINOSAUR EGGS! GUARANTEED TO HATCH!... IF YE SET LONG ENOUGH!



I BET IT'S CLAY, BUT I'LL TAKE ONE. HOPE MY KID AT HOME WILL LIKE IT!

YES, SIR! IT'S THE REAL THING!



HEY! WHAT TH?



OH-OH! IT WASN'T CLAY!!



THE FRIGHTENED MOTORIST LEAVES IN A CLOUD OF DUST, DEPOSITING THE UNWELCOME LITTLE DINNY ON THE LONELY ROAD.



POOR UL' FELLER! DON'T WORRY I'LL ADOPT YOU!



BUT I'VE A PROBLEM... I'LL HAVE TO HIRE A BALL FIELD FOR YOU TO PLAY IN WHEN YOU GROW UP?





THE EXPLORERS SIGHT A BLEAK MOUNTAIN RANGE ON AN ASTEROID.



BUT ONE PAIR OF EYES HAVE SEEN THEM APPROACHING.



BUT CYCLONE IS TOO FAST FOR THE OLD MAN.

HEY YOU!
GET OFF THIS
ASTEROID!
NEXT TIME,
I'LL SHOOT
TO KILL!

NOW, YOU OLD
FOOL, WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

DON'T
SHOOT..I'LL
TALK! IT
WAS 'WAY
BACK IN
1940...

TO ESCAPE THE MADNESS OF THE WORLD AT WAR, I LEFT EARTH IN AN IMPROVED
ROCKET SHIP..I NEVER WANTED TO SEE A HUMAN BEING AGAIN.

I WAS JUST 20
WHEN I LANDED
HERE!

FOR CENTURIES, MY LIFE WAS
PROLONGED BY SOMETHING
IN THE ATMOSPHERE...I
LIVED ON THE LIFE THAT
FLOURISHES ON THE
OTHER HALF OF THIS
ASTEROID.

MY ONLY FOES
WERE THE
CARNIVOROUS
PLANTS THAT
ABOUND...
UNTIL YOU CAME!

BUT WE MEAN YOU NO HARM.
WE WANT TO BE
FRIENDS!

OKAY, THEN!
CMON, I'LL
SHOW YOU
AROUND.

BUT THE CRAFTY ANCIENT PLANS TO BE RID OF HIS VISITORS.

I WANT TO
SHOW YOU
MY ONLY
FRIENDS
ON THIS
ASTEROID.

I KEEP MY
PETS IN
THERE. GO
ON IN!

AS THEY ENTER THE CAVE, THE OLD
MAN RELEASES A DEAD FALL.

WE'RE
TRAPPED!

LOOK,
CYCLONE!

IT HAS ONLY
ONE EYE! I'LL
BLIND
IT!

BUT THE MONSTER'S EYE IS
MOVABLE IN ITS FOREHEAD.

I GOT
HIM THAT
TIME!

AS THE MONSTER DASHES ABOUT,
THE HUMANS DIVE INTO A STREAM.

OH, CYCLONE!
YOU MISSED!

QUICK!
INTO THE
WATER!

SWIMMING UNDER WATER FOR GREATER SAFETY, THE TWO REACH A BARREN BANK.



WHAT'S THAT NOISE UP THERE?

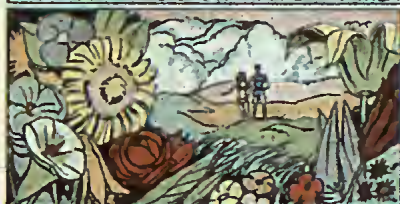
WE'RE STILL IN THIS CURSED CAVE, SUE!



IT SOUNDS LIKE RAIN ON A ROOF!

THE ROOF IS THIN. COME! WE'LL PUSH THROUGH IT!

WHEN THE RAIN IS OVER, THE TWO FIND THEMSELVES IN A VERITABLE PARADISE.



CAREFUL OF THOSE PLANTS, SUE! REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

THE CARNIVOROUS PLANT SEIZES SUE.

CYCLONE BLASTS THE PLANT FROM ITS STALK.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, CYCLONE!

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE, SUE!

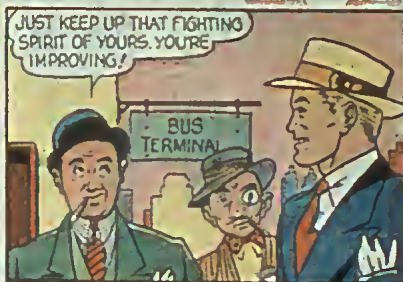


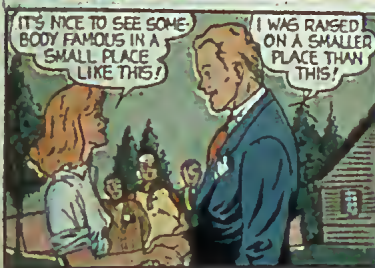
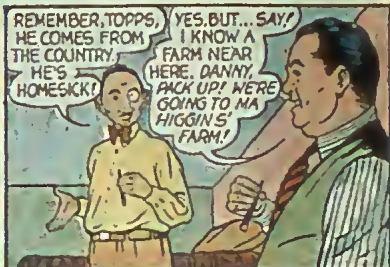


CYCLONE WILL THRILL YOU IN A NEW ABSORBING PLANETARY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

KID DIXON

By
Bob
Reynolds





A FEW DAYS LATER, AN EAGER CROWD AWAITSTHE START OF THE DIXON VS. GRIFFIN FIGHT!

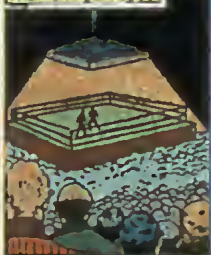


TOPPS, I FEEL FUNNY!
AS IF I'VE LOST
EVERYTHING.

TAKE IT EASY, DANNY.
YOU MAY FEEL THAT
WAY, BUT DON'T LOSE
THE FIGHT!



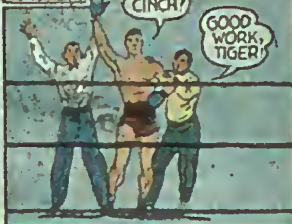
THE FIGHT STARTS...



TIGER LASHES OUT A SMASHING
BLOW TO DANNY'S JAW!



KNOCKING DANNY OUT COLD, TIGER
RECEIVES THE PLAUDITS OF THE
CROWD.



THE NEXT DAY, DANNY AND TOPPS STROLL
THROUGH THE PARK.



IT'S NO
USE,
TOPPS

GOSH! I CAN'T FIGURE
YOU OUT! YOU WERE
SWELL
BEFORE
AND NOW

BACK AT MA HIGGINS'S FARM,



I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE
DANNY LOST THE FIGHT.
I'M GOING TO NEW YORK
TO SEE IF THEY WILL GIVE
HIM A RETURN
BOUT!

KATHERINE ARRIVES AT THE PROMOTER'S OFFICE.



YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE DANNY
ANOTHER CHANCE. I KNOW
HE COULD BEAT
GRIFFIN!

SORRY, MISS, IT
CAN'T BE DONE!

JUST THINK OF IT, GRIFFIN
HIT ONLY ONE PUNCH
AND THERE'S DANNY
OUT
COLD!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO DO
IT! I'LL PROVE TO
YOU THAT
HE CAN
FIGHT!



THE PROMOTER AGREES TO GO TO A DINGY WATER-FRONT SALOON THAT KATHERINE NAMES.

THERE'S ALWAYS TROUBLE!
HERE COMES SOME NOW!



WELL, SHIVER ME TIMBERS!
AIN'T SHE NIFTY?
WATCH ME,
BOYS!



HELLO, BABE! JOIN
US AT THE BAR,
WILL YOUSE?

GWAN, BEAT
IT!

DAM!



HEAR IM, BOYS? AIN'T HE THE
LITTLE GENTLEMAN, THOUGH?
CMON SHOW
HIM WOT
WE KIN
DO!

I WARNED
YOU,
BUT.



HAVE YOU
HAD ENOUGH?

THAT LAD! WHEW!
HES A BATTLER!
ILL SIGN HIM
UP TO FIGHT
GRIFFIN IN
TWO DAYS!



AGAIN DAN STEPS INTO THE RING TO BATTLE GRIFFIN.

TOPPS, I FEEL PUNK AGAIN!

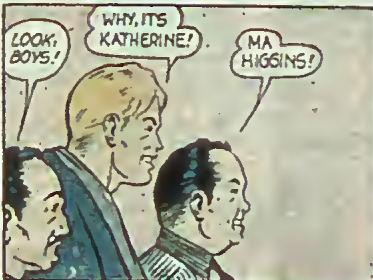
DANNY! CUT IT OUT! WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU AFRAID OF GRIFFIN?



JUST AS THE FIGHT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, IN WALKS KATHERINE AND MA HIGGINS.

HE'S IN THE RING NOW!

WE'RE JUST IN TIME!



LOOK, BOYS!

WHY, IT'S KATHERINE!

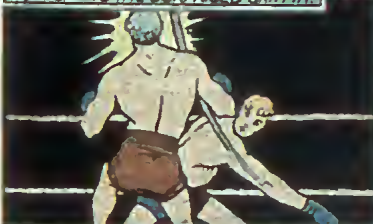
MA HIGGINS!



USSEN, TIGER, RUSH HIM LIKE YA DID THE LAST TIME! DON'T GIVE 'IM A CHANCE!

HE'S A CINCH! JUST WATCH ME!

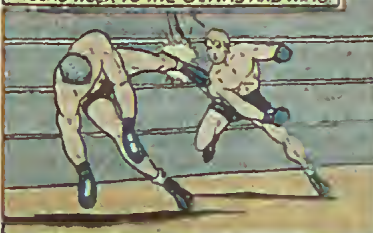
AT THE BELL, DANNY STARTS OFF WITH A SMASHING RIGHT TO THE SURPRISED GRIFFIN.



JABBING TIGER SEVERAL TIMES WITH HIS LEFT, DANNY LETS GO A MURDEROUS RIGHT CROSS.



WITH A TERRIFIC SMASHING BLOW, DANNY KNOCKS TIGER TO THE CANVAS AND WINS.



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.



MY HERO!

SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHING! JUST LUCK... SOME LUCK TOO!

...BUT HOW LONG WILL KID DIXON'S LUCK HOLD? DON'T MISS HIS NEXT FISTIC ADVENTURE IN NATIONAL COMICS!

YANKEE DOODLE BOY

PAGE BOY VIGILANTE

By ANTHONY LAMB

Jimmy Jones, the Yankee Doodle Boy himself, dashed into the Senate Chamber and there was trouble blazing in his bright blue eyes!

Jimmy catches his breath a moment and then called a few of his pals over to him.

"Pages, listen. We gotta do something and do it quickly! There's going to be some monkey business about that Child Welfare Bill that Senator Douglas is trying to put through—someone's planning to stop it—and not by the vote!"

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" Corny wrinkled up his nose, looking puzzled.

"It's serious. Senator Douglas' life may be in danger! Listen..." He pulled them into the Page's room and closed the door. Then he told them something he had heard while he was carrying some important papers from the Senate office across the street. A crowd of tourists going on a conducted tour stopped his progress as he hurried through the Capitol's halls and two men waiting beside him were continuing a conversation in low, urgent voices. This is what Jimmy heard that made him prick up his ears and take notice.

"That Child Welfare Bill won't go through in this session of Congress—not if I have anything to do with it!"

"But we haven't much time. Douglas is bringing it up for vote tomorrow. How can we . . . ?"

"That appropriation is going to the building of our new road

out of Cleveland. Don't worry, that vote won't come up tomorrow—our will. I have an idea Senator Douglas won't be around tomorrow. He'll be too busy looking for some very important documents—and they won't be there—maybe the Senator won't even be able to look for them—if you know what I mean!"

That was all Jimmy heard for the two men broke through the



line of tourists and started walking toward the House, but he had heard enough!

Several low whistles of astonishment escaped the Pages as they listened to Jimmy's story. Linnie, yellow-haired Corny was wide-eyed.

"Gee, Jimmy," he said, "We can't let anything happen to Senator Douglas—he's a good guy! And we've been supporting his Welfare Bill too!"

"That's right," said the Yankee Doodle Boy. "How about it gang? I know what this guy looks like—he's one of the lobbyists behind that new road bill that everyone knows is just for graft—what'll we do about it?"

He knew very well what the answer would be. A chorus of

voices lustily replied, "Gang up on him!"

That night the ganging-up party convened in the lobby of the Senator's hotel in groups of twos and threes. Senator Douglas was surprised when he picked up the house phone and a young voice asked if he were in. When he answered in the affirmative—the young voice hung up.

No one could be seen in the hall when the man with a gun in one hand and a pass key in the other crept stealthily to the Senator's door. But no sooner had he closed the door behind him than a Senate Page's foot stuck in the crack and held it open. Jimmy gave the signal, the rest came out of hiding.

The man with the gun worked quickly. By the time the pages had slipped through the darkened foyer and into a room where a pencil flash beam directed them, he had already reached into the wall safe. He was just putting some folded papers into his vest pocket when the door at the other end of the room opened, throwing a flood of light into the inky blackness.

"Who's there?" The Yankee Doodle Boy recognized the rich even tones of the Senator's voice.

Jimmy saw the crook turn and aim his automatic at the dignified figure framed in the doorway. Flying as though he had been shot from a cannon straight across the path of light he connected with the outstretched arm just as the trigger was pulled. The shot went wild. The page

boys went wild. There was a furious confusion of legs, arms and bodies as they leaped to the battle. But their opponents was clever. Before they knew it they were tangling with each other and a crash of glass announced the crook's exit through the window.

Some of them seemed to hear the Senator's warning, "Be careful, boys," but nobody heeded as they slid and jumped down the fire-escapes and chased along the dark streets after the fleeing figure.

They saw him hop into a cab and shout directions at the driver—but Jimmy had been prepared for such an emergency. Red Murphy was a caddy and a good friend of the Yankee Doodle Boy. All that ought he had been cruising around the hotel—just in case—as Jimmy had requested. And here was the case alright! As the other cab pulled off, Red sped over to the curb and the Page boys piled in.

Through the Nation's capitol the two yellow cabs careened around corners on two wheels and sped down the broad highways like flashing comets.

As the other cab came to a stop far outside the city limits, the boys were ready to spring. This time their attack was planned and concentrated. Red pulled up on the curb cutting off the path the crook was taking into a large house. The boys leaped out and Jimmy led with a good stiff uppercut that had every ounce of his strong young body behind it. After that it wasn't hard for the others to pinion the man to the sidewalk. Red threw them a rope and in a few minutes they were speeding back to Washington in the two cabs. Corny made it his business to explain matters to the other driver.

"What do you think, Red? Shall we hand this bird over to the police now?" Asked Jimmy.

"Tomorrow is the only chance for that bill to go through before Congress adjourns for the year, isn't it? You don't want any time wasted." Red eyed him meaningfully.

"That's what I was thinking. I guess I know what to do alright. Boy, there's going to be a surprised bunch of Senators in Congress tomorrow."

The following afternoon there was a tenseness that fell over the Senate like a suffocating cloud. As the roll was called more and more members gathered—news had gotten abroad that there would be fireworks on the floor today and they were all there to see it.

As the last minute Senator Douglas, wearing a very worried frown entered and Jimmy ushered him to his place.

When the business of the day was called for, Senator Douglas rose and spoke to the President of the Senate.

"As you know, Mr. President, my bill for the Child Welfare Bureau was to come to a vote today, pending my presentation to Congress of certain documents containing figures and facts to

prove the absolute urgency of this issue which many of the Senators will not believe without these factual papers. But I have been robbed of these documents! Yes, robbed and almost murdered. Had it not been for the intervention of some brave youngsters, whom I believe to be our own pages, I would not be here today. Nevertheless, the thing will have to be investigated and my opponents will be glad to hear that with Congress adjourning tomorrow—my bill will be shelved till next year."

"No, Sir, It won't be shelved. We have your papers here!"

The Congressmen turned to the corner of the chamber from which the Yankee Doodle Boy spoke. There, emerging through a trap door, from the secret space below the Senate Chamber where the boys had safely hidden him, was the figure of the would-be robber and murderer of Senator Douglas, bound and gagged and led by Jimmy and Corny.

As Jimmy handed the papers to the Senator a cheer went up from the floor. Once more the Yankee Doodle Boy and his smart young colleagues, the Pages, had scored a hit and the welfare of hundreds of little kids all over the country was rushed into effect by a unanimous vote of approval.





MEANWHILE TWO LOGGERS ARE
HIDDEN IN THE UNDERBRUSH NOT
FAR FROM THE LOG JAM.

I'LL PLUG HIM,
BOSS! HE BROKE
OUR JAM!



NO, YOU FOOL! I DON'T
WANT ANY MURDER ON
THIS JOB!



BUT, BOSS YA
SAID YOU WANTED
TO STOP 'IM,
DIDN'T YA?

SURE I
WANT TO
STOP HIM, BUT
NOT YOUR WAY!



HEY, PETE! THERE'S
TWO STEEL POSTS
OUT HERE
WITH A CHAIN
STRETCHED
ACROSS!

IT LOOKS
LIKE SOME-
BODY FIXED
IT SO'S WE
WOULD HAVE
A JAM!



PAUL, CARRYING THE STEEL POSTS
AND CHAIN, WADES TOWARD SHORE

I WONDER
WHO DID
IT, PAUL?

I DON'T THINK
ANYBODY WOULD
DO THIS ON
PURPOSE...THEY
MUST HAVE MADE
A MISTAKE!



NOW THAT THE LOGS ARE MOVING
DOWNSTREAM, I'LL SHOVE
IN THESE 50 LOGS...STAND
CLEAR, PETE!



AS PAUL CONTINUES ABOUT HIS
WORK, HE DOES NOT SUSPECT A
PLOT UPON HIS LIFE IS BEING MADE

I WAS GONNA SHOOT
THIS BIG GUY...THE
FOREMAN KICKED
THE GUN OUT OF
MY HAND!



SURE, MR. STONE.
WOULDN'T LET
HIM KILL A MAN
WHO DIDN'T
HURT ANY-
ONE IN
HIS LIFE!

O.K. JOHNSON,
MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT. PAUL
BUNYAN IS A
SWELL GUY,
BUT WE'VE
GOTTA STOP
THEM!



YES, WE MUST
STOP THEM,
EVEN IF IT
MEANS KILLING
TO DO IT!

IF THAT'S HOW
YOU FEEL, I O.K.
I DON'T WANT
ANYTHING TO
DO WITH A
MURDER
OUTFIT!





NEYT MORNING, PAUL AND HIS MEN ARE SURPRISED TO FIND THE WHOLE SECTION OF THEIR ICE ROAD BLOWN UP.



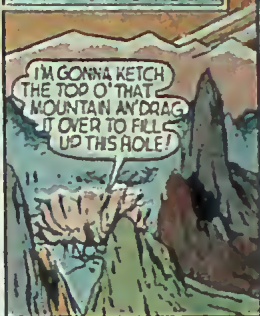
I TELL YA, L!
(IT WAS DONE ON PURPOSE!)

NEVER MIND TRYIN' TO GUESS WHO DO IT. JUST GET ME THE CHAIN FROM THOSE LOGS.



I GOT AN IDEA!

PAUL LOOPS THE CHAIN AND MAKES A LASSO OUT OF IT.



I'M GONNA KETCH THE TOP O' THAT MOUNTAIN AN' DRAG IT OVER TO FILL UP THIS HOLE!



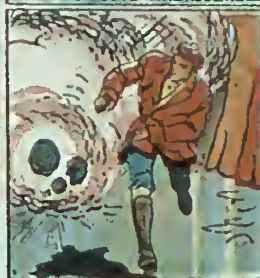
AH, THERE, I HOOKED IT! YOU FELLERS STAY CLEAR CAUSE I'M GONNA TUG HARD!

WITH STRENUOUS TUGGING PAUL TEARS THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN LOOSE.



I LOOK OUT, FELLERS, SHE'S COMIN'!

A RUMBLE FILLS THE AIR AS PAUL LEAVES THE SCENE OF THE FALLING MOUNTAIN TOP THAT WILL SOON COVER THE HUGE HOLE.



PAUL, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO GO BACK AN' SEE THAT FELLER AT THE HOUSE. HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHIN'.



YEA, CHUCK, I GOTTA SEE HOW HE IS ANYWAY...SO LONG!

ARRIVING AT CAMP PAUL FINDS THE MAN UP AND AROUND WITH HIS ARM IN A SLING.



HELLO, MR. JOHNSON FEELING BETTER, EH?





NOT KNOWING PAUL, OR REALIZING HIS STRENGTH, THEY CHAIN HIM TO A TREE BEHIND HIS CABIN AND CHAIN HIS BLUE OX.

SO LONG CHUM! NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE TARGET PRACTICE WITH YOUR OX!

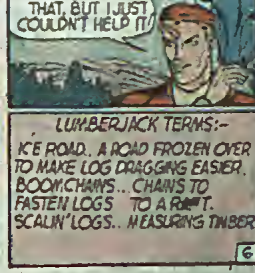
THE DIRTY THIEVES ARE GONNA SHOOT AT BABE... I CAN'T LET THEM DO THAT!



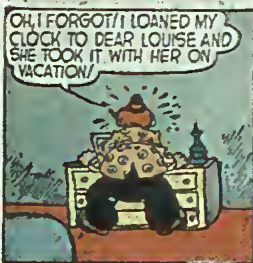
AS THE MEN ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT, THEIR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO A LOUD RUMBLE... THEY STARE AGAINST AT THE SIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES.

THE INFURIATED PAUL HURLS IT AT THE AMAZED GANGSTERS WHO ARE CRUSHED IN THE HOLE OF LOGS.

SO THE ENTIRE GANG IS VANQUISHED.



LUMBERJACK TERMS:-
K'E ROAD.. A ROAD FROZEN OVER TO MAKE LOG DRAGGING EASIER.
BOOM-CHAINS.. CHAINS TO FASTEN LOGS TO A RAMP.
SCALIN' LOGS.. MEASURING TIMBER







MERLIN, WORLD'S OUTSTANDING MAGICIAN, RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM LADY HARTLEY.

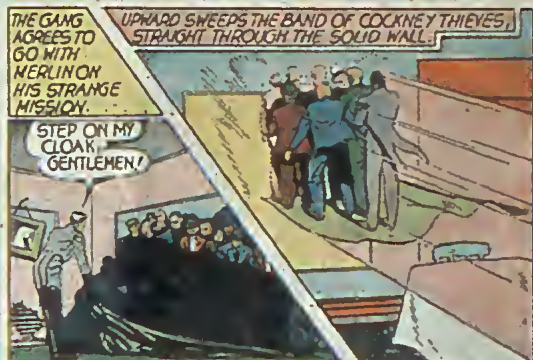


HE GOES TO HER HOME.









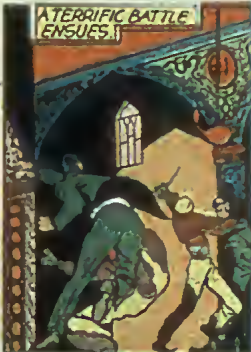
NERUN ORDERS HIS FORTY MEN
BEHIND THE FORTY JARS.



AND FORTY ARABIAN THIEVES TUMBLE FROM THEIR HIDING
PLACES TO THE TILED FLOOR.



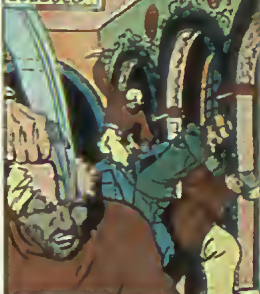
A TERRIFIC BATTLE
ENSUES.



THE BULLDOG TACTICS OF THE
LONDON SLIMS COME INTO
SWIFT PLAY.



AND SOON THE
FORTY ARE
SUBDUED.



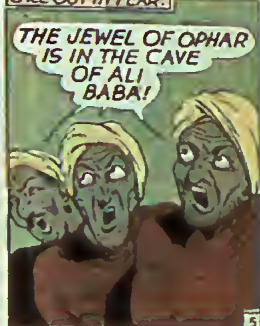
THEY WILL NOT, HOWEVER, DISCLOSE
THE OPHAR JEWEL'S WHEREABOUTS.



NERUN INVOKES THE
FROTHENING GENII.



TERROR STRICKEN, THE THIEVES
CALL OUT IN FEAR.



MERLIN LEADS HIS MEN TO THE
ROCKY FACE OF A CLIFF.



AND OPENS THE MOUTH OF THE
CAVE WITH A SIMPLE GESTURE



BUT...HE DOES NOT
NOTICE THAT HIS CAPE
CATCHES ON A
BRANCH AS HE
ENTERS THE
CAVE.



AH! HERE IT IS! WHAT
A MAGNIFICENT
JEWEL!



CAREFULLY, HE PUTS
THE PRECIOUS GEM
INTO HIS POCKET



SUDDENLY,

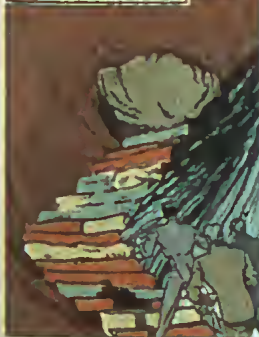
MY CLOAK! IT'S
GONE!
AND MY MAGIC
WITH IT!



IT MUST BE OUTSIDE.
COME ON,
MEN!



BUT TO THEIR HORROR, THE
PASSAGE IS BLOCKED.



WELL, SMART FELLOW. 'OW
YER GONNA GET US OUT?
YOU GOT US IN THIS
CONFOUNDED BLACK 'OLE!



I'LL GET YOU OUT! DON'T
WORRY..THERE'S A
MAGIC WORD..IF ONLY
I COULD REMEMBER
IT!



BUT THE THUGS, DESPERATE,
RESORT TO FIGHTING.



THIS IS JUST A WASTE
OF TIME! LET
ME THINK!



THE MAGIC WORD!
WHAT IS
IT? UGH.



MEANWHILE MERLIN'S CAPE
WHICH IS CAUGHT ON A LIMB,
WHIPS BY A CLIFF.



THE WIND, TEARING IT FROM
THE LIMB, HURLS IT BENEATH
THE ROCK.



IT FALLS ON MERLIN'S SHOULDER



THE ROCK MOVES BACK AND
ONCE MORE THE BAND IS FREE



AT LADY HARTLEY'S HOME,
MERLIN MAKES A SUDDEN
APPEARANCE



MY JEWEL!
HOW CAN I EVER
THANK YOU?

THE ADVENTURE WAS
WELL WORTH
IT, MY
LADY!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT AMAZING
ADVENTURE OF MERLIN...

Price Not Guaranteed
After Introductory Sale

Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS
(from roof)
PRINTER'S INITIAL TYPE
WITH PRINTER'S INK

AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with patented lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

COMES COMPLETE
Equipment includes substitute built ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber ink-feeding roller, 3 1/2 inch steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Galleh type, en and rim quads, this special rubber roller, and strip by-strip instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

TYPE THIS SIZE

SEND NO MONEY
—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Or, if you prefer, pay nothing and SAVE the C.O.D.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If you are not entirely delighted with your new press, return it for money. You take no risk, no obligation. Satisfaction or money back.



1-3 SIZE

**SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE**

\$2

The "LITTLE-MAN" works like famous GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, get always, feed the press—learn to turn the small of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, alter the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc. **EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100.** Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money, or for pleasure. See learn on important business, and for pleasure. Printing and newspaper men got started in this way very early.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP
PECK BROTHERS
ART. 320C,
WHITNEY AVE., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Send One Little-Man, Printing, Offset, \$2.60 C.O.D.
(Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Read THE BLACK CONDOR

The Man
Who Can
Fly!



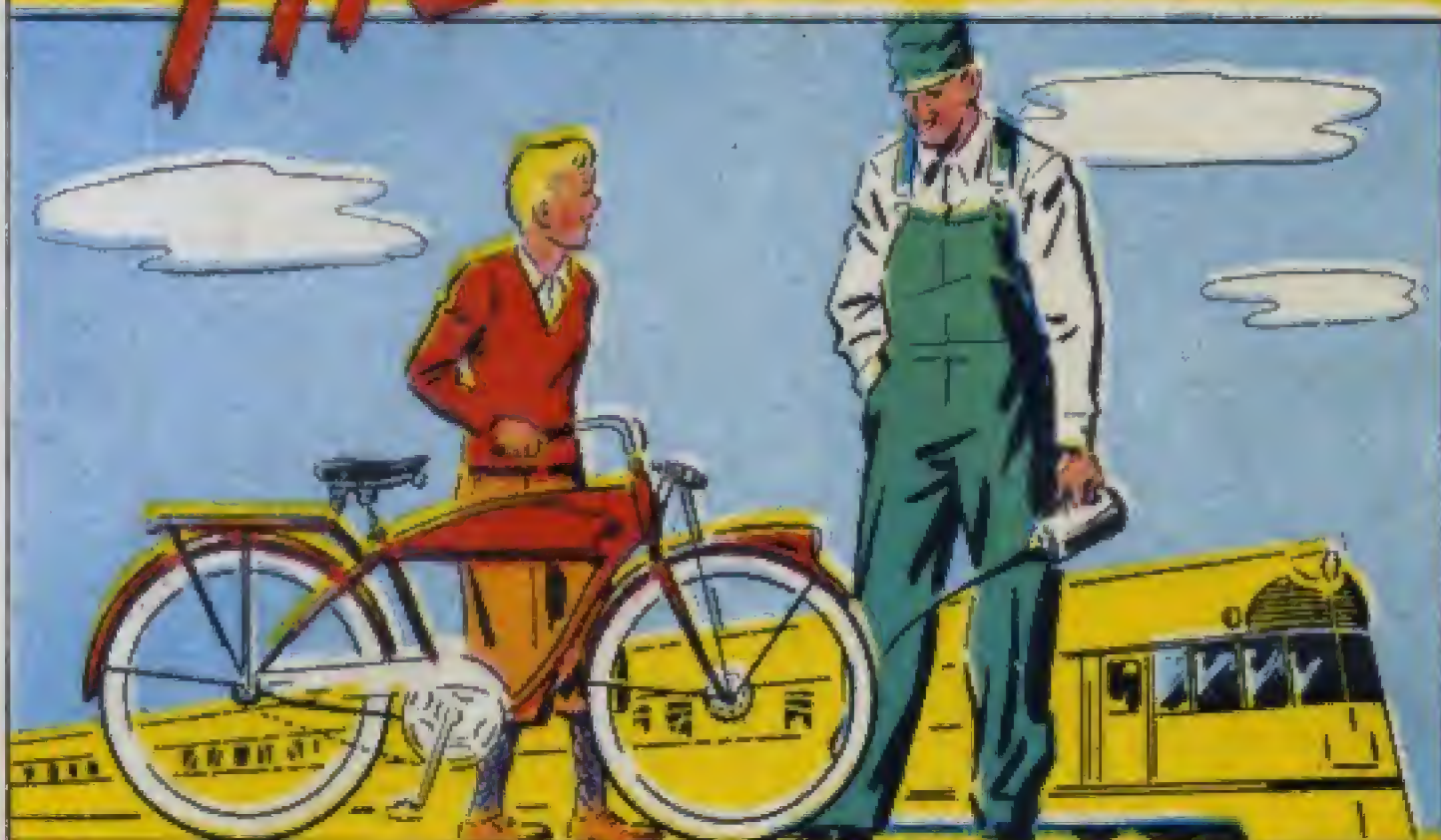
Each
Month
in

**CRACK
COMICS**

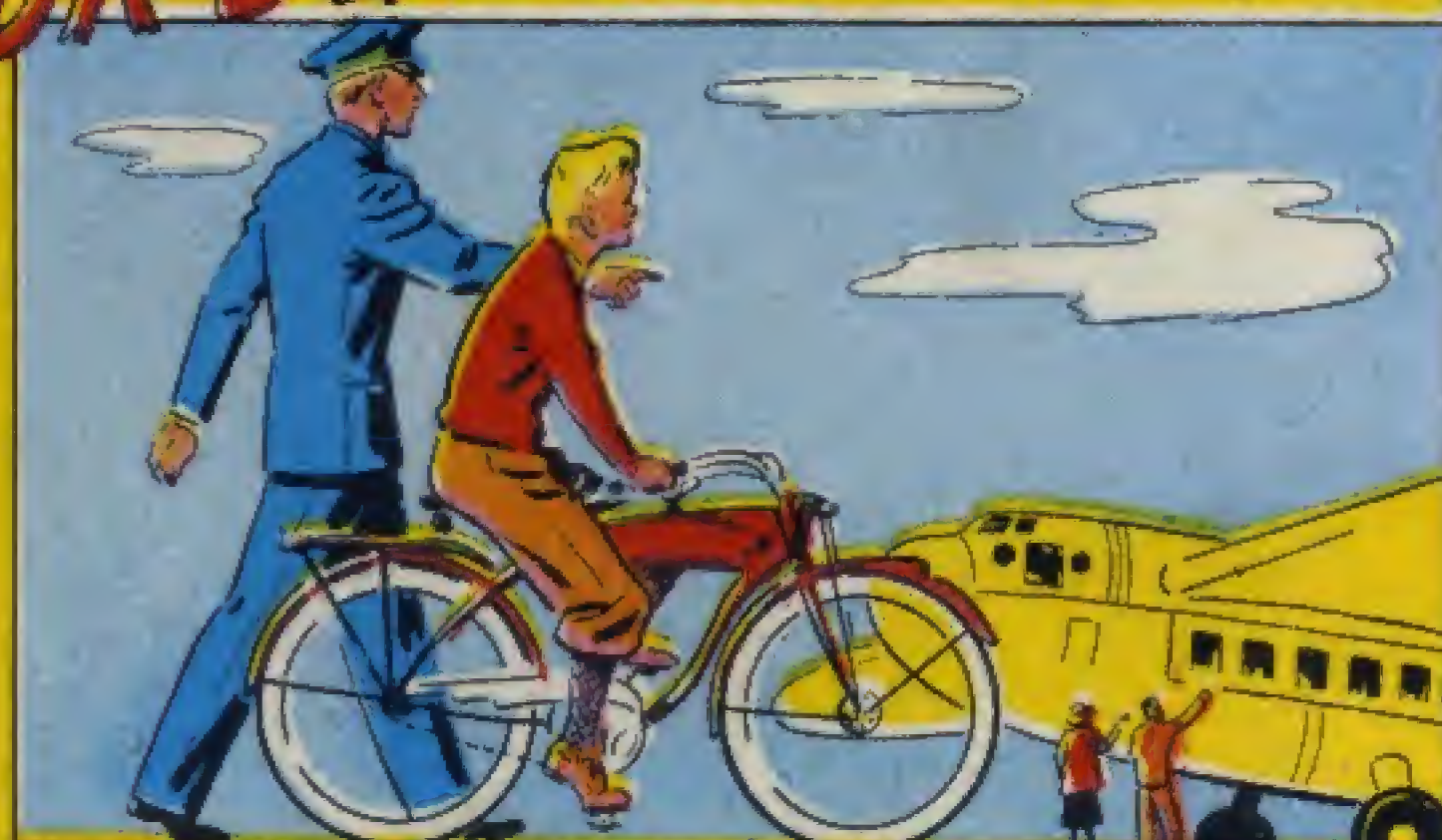
Also
IN
CRACK
COMICS
EACH
MONTH

THE
CLOCK,
ALIAS THE SPIDER,
JANE ARDEN, THE
SPACE LEGION,
MADAM FATAL, NED
BRANT, WIZARD
WELLS ~ AND
MANY
OTHERS

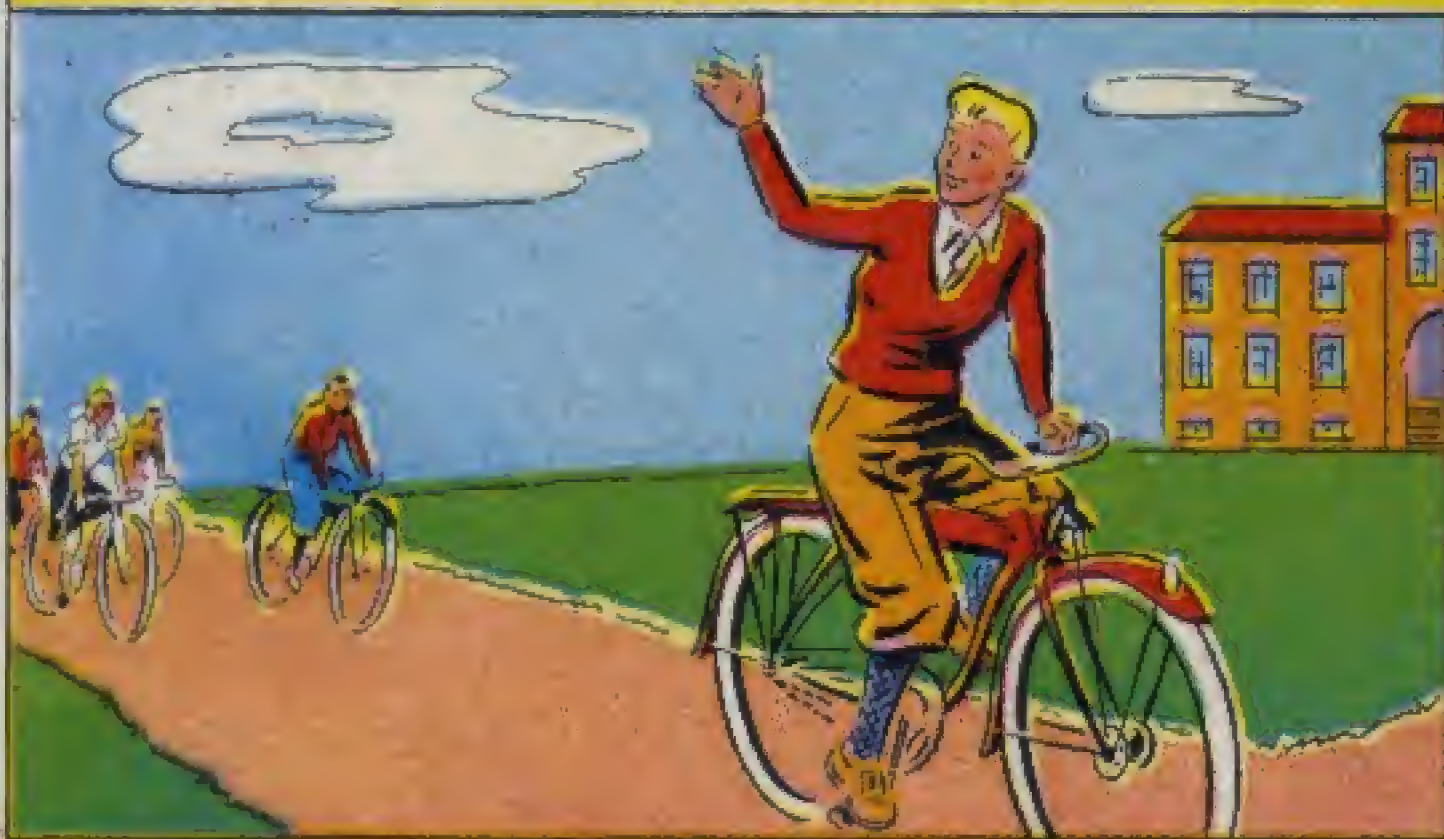
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



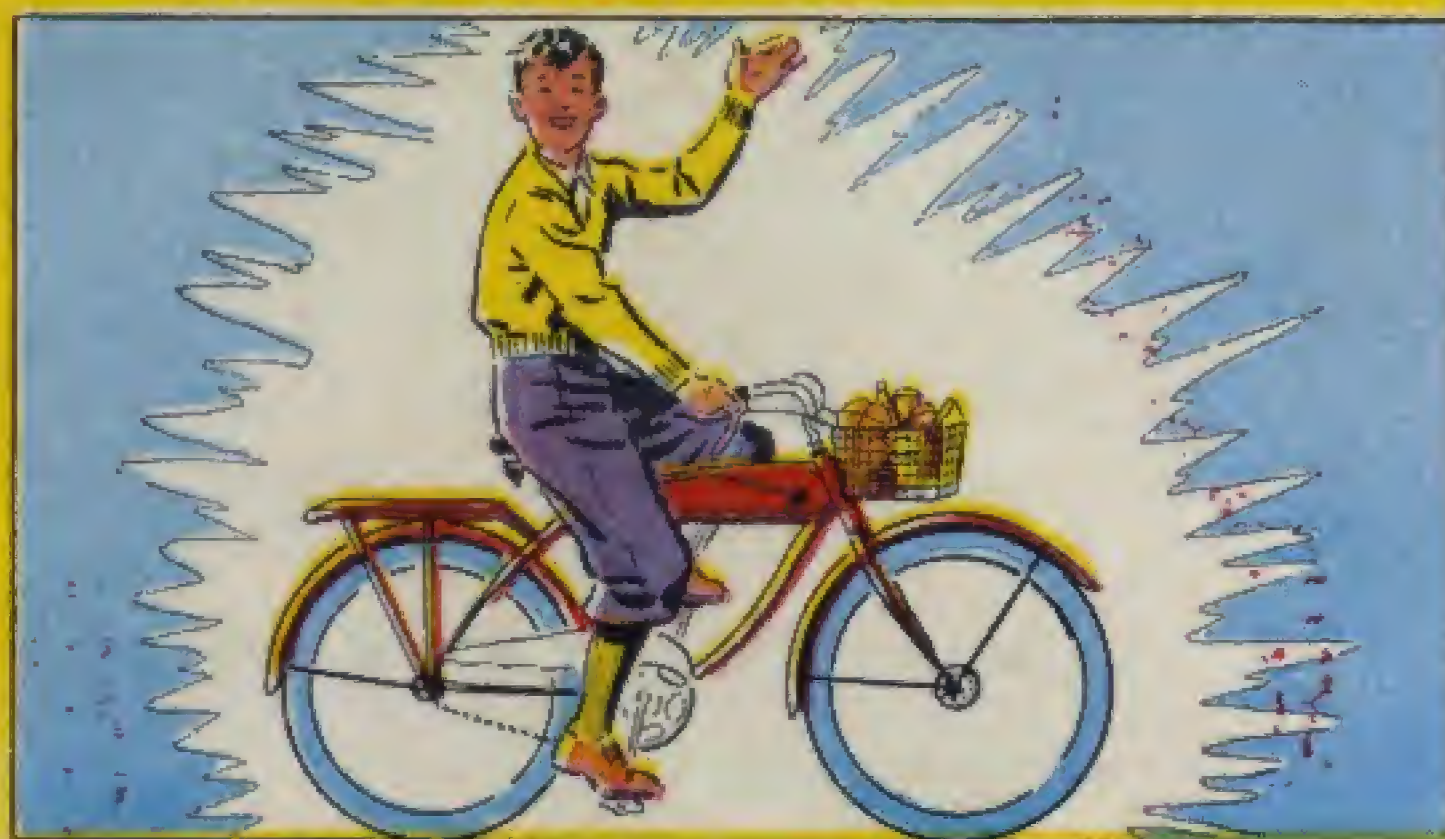
I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breezing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is *best*.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighborhood. Match them hub to hub. And your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when you show them the Spring Fork that changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-proof Cyclock . . . rear expander brake . . . and many other *exclusive* Schwinn features.

Then let the gang stand back and admire the surging grace and super strength of America's *finest* bicycle . . . the bike that's waiting to whisk you to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

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